

"ALIEN" - DO YOU DARE TO SEE IT?!

IS GOING
ON HERE!



SOMETHING
FUNNY

CRACKED

★
14254

75¢

MAZAGINE

No. 164

NOVEMBER
1979

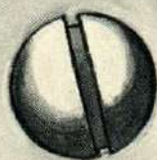


DON'T LOOK
IT'S TOO
SCARY!



SEVERIN

THE WAY



TO

OFF

CRACKED

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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Carefully detach complete cover at
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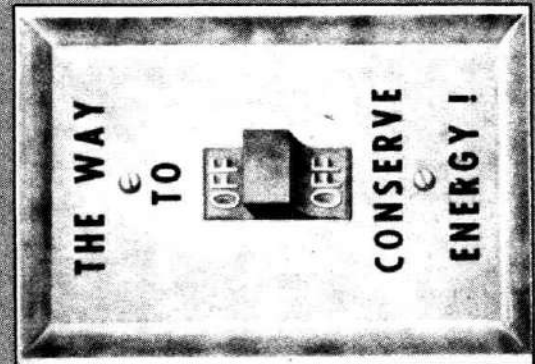
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NOVEMBER 1979 No. 164



WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

As usual, Sylvester saves the day!
He'd never let you get grossed out
like the movie industry does. On
page 6 we teach you how to watch
gory movies without losing your
cool.



LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

Take it from me. You don't know how really true CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE WEDDING KING is until you've gone through it.

Julie Amkraut
Bethpage, N.Y.

Dear Julie,

Believe me, we do know—especially Sylvester. Before coming to CRACKED, he swept up over 300 weddings.

Dear CRACKED,

Hey, it's about time you all did some funny stuff for us'n here in cattle raisin' country. Of course, I'm referrin' to COLONEL JIM DANDY'S GUIDE TO GOOD MANNERS FOR DISCRIMINATIN' COWPOKES 'N' BUCKEROOS. You all get A's for laughs on that one.

Bill Rodgers
Clifton, Montana

Dear Bill,

Make it a side of beef and we'll even run a sequel for you all!



Dear CRACKED,

CRACKED'S INVENTORY OF PERSONAL SPENDING HABITS made me stop and look at where my money goes each week and I came up with some interesting conclusions. Food's a waste! No matter how much you buy, it keeps disappearing. Likewise gas and heat. On the other hand, after I buy a CRACKED, even after I finish reading it, I still have it there should I want some more. So, from now on, I'm buying CRACKED, but cutting out food, gas and heat!

Dave Baines
Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Dave,

We salute you—our first funny, but cold and undernourished reader!



Dear CRACKED,

Yes! Yes! Your HOW ADULTS DRIVE KIDS NUTS was right on target. As a current victim of one, I can vouch that all you wrote is true and accurate.

George Porfiri
Washington, D.C.

Dear George,

If you liked that one, then keep an eye out for our sequel—HOW ADULTS DRIVE KIDS TO THE MOVIES.

Dear CRACKED,

I read HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY and found it... ah... ah...

Donald Orrell
Aurora, Col.

Dear Donald,

A tip: If you find your memory going bad, when not in use, try wrapping it in Saran Wrap and keeping it in the refrigerator.

Dear CRACKED,

I really ate up your last installment of MORK AND MINDY. WOW!

Rachel Hershman
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Rachel,

Hope it wasn't fattening. After all, it was rich in laughs!



Dear CRACKED,

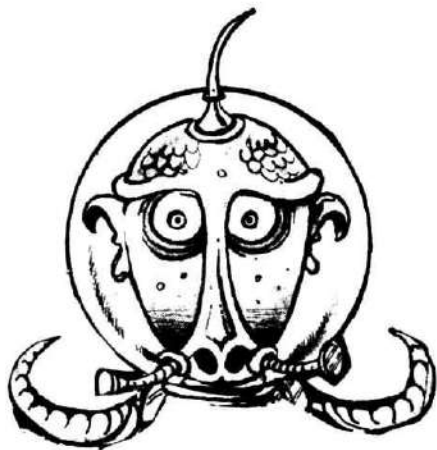
I'd like to contribute something to CRACKED. How do I go about doing this?

Bob Janeky
Baytown, Texas

Dear Bob,

Take an envelope and put your generous check or money order in it and then send it to the address at the top of the page.





Dear CRACKED,
WHEN TV GOES COMPLETELY SCIFI was out of this world!!

Kenny Stromme
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Kenny,
It was not. It was right there on page 35 of our last issue.

Dear CRACKED,
The thing that makes you far better than your competition is that not only do you do movies that are current (instead of 8 months old), but you also invent your own when the current crop isn't worth touching. ROCK 'N' ROLL YOUR EYEBALLS OUT was fantastic. Is there a soundtrack available?

Marjorie McCloskey
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Marjorie,
No. But if you send along a blank tape, our editor has agreed to hum the entire thing for you.



Dear CRACKED,
On THE STRANGER, I think Billy Joel was thinking of CRACKED when he wrote one of the songs—I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!

Gladys Anderson
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Gladys,
Funny, but we had the same feeling, only from that far-out group who sings SURRENDER. We thought they were thinking of us when they named themselves CHEAP TRICK.



Dear CRACKED,
OK, I know someone is bound to ask, so it might as well be me. How does one come up with a follow-up to AND YET ONCE AGAIN STILL EVEN SOME MORE FROM THE CRACKED LENS without using the whole magazine to tell us the title?

Rob Huberman
Saco, Maine

Dear Rob,
Just look inside this issue and find out!

Dear CRACKED,
Is there something wrong with a guy who is 45 and still reads CRACKED? I don't think so. With all the pressures of the everyday world, it's nice to have something light to turn to. Therefore, I'm not ashamed to shout, "I'm a big friend of CRACKED!"

(Name withheld on request)

Dear Roger,
What we can't understand, Mr. Hatfield, is why you don't want anyone else in Augusta, Georgia to know. But if that's your wish, we'll honor it.

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**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #165
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
SEPTEMBER 25TH**





I'd like to discuss horror with you. Not the horror of finding yourself on Route 80 with your fuel indicator pointing to 'E' on a gasless Sunday, but the horror found in movies. In the 20's, 30's and 40's, monster movies provided chills and suspense, but when it came time for the monster to munch away at its victim, that was seen in shadows and left to the imagination. Came the 1950's and we found monsters of giant sizes attacking: *Rodan*, *Mothra*, *The Killer Tomatoes*—all mutants from excess radiation, but again the chew-'em-up scenes were low key. And then came the 1970's introducing *The Exorcist*, a new kind of horror film that left nothing to the imagination—and it made a fortune. Today, gory, bloody, horror and monster films are all around us and it seems that their intent is not so much to scare and entertain as it is to show how realistically make-up men can spill blood. Well, **CRACKED** is kind of turned off by this whole trend, as we're told numerous other movie goers are too. But still people go (or get dragged to them) in droves. Well, if all that pushing and publicity forces you into seeing such grossities as *Prophecy*, *Phantasm* and *Nightwings*, then we'd like to give you some advice—mostly dealing with the hottest of all these blood and gutters. So come along now as we take a look at

ALLIEN

And How To Watch It



The flick begins calmly, safe for all to watch, as we see a towing vessel traveling through space.



SEVERIN

Ship: Pastromous—a towing ship.

Crew: 7

Cargo: 20,000,000 tons of debris (including 1,500 prints of this film)

Goal: To gross the audience and a fortune at the box office, all at the same time.

Everybody up. We're almost back to **Earth**. Our **10-month sleep** is over.

Aw, come on. Gimmie just **one** more month!

OK Mommy, I'm up. What's happening?

MORNING, SONNY... YOU ARE ONLY HALFWAY BACK TO EARTH... HAVE RECEIVED EMERGENCY SOS FROM PLANET... SUGGEST YOU INVESTIGATE... DO NOT FORGET TO BRING ALONG A RAINCOAT... AND EAT A GOOD MEAL BEFORE YOU GO... 10.4

Do me a favor, Mom, and stop nagging me.

And Mommy said to investigate?

That's right, Shapely.

Hey, man. **Breck** and I are just **maintenance men**. We don't have to do that kind of stuff. It's not in our **contract**.

True, **Pucker**, but the order is coming from an even **higher source** than your **contract**.

Who? Mommy?

No, your **script**!

I don't (sob) see why we had to take this **teeny shuttle** down to the (boo hoo hoo) planet. The main ship has a much smoother (bawl) ride.

Yeah, but it's a real **gas guzzler**.

Get ready to land. 7...6...5...4...Uh oh...**SMOKE!**... Sound the **alarm!**... **Trouble!**

Pucker, what happened?

The **and-cromber duct** caked up causing the **klong-dorker** to inambiate.

What's that mean in English?

We broke down.

Well, fix it! Meanwhile, 3 of us will go out and **investigate** the S.O.S.

Which three (sob)?

Stop crying Lamb-chop. We'll **choose** in the **usual, fair** and **just** way, as **prescribed** by the **company manual**.

The **odd finger** is it!

KUKSTY-KUK!

I can't see a (sob...blubber) thing. The **weather** is horrible.

Mommy was right.

About what?

I should have brought a **raincoat**.

My gosh! Look at **that!**

What (whimper) is it?

My guess is that it's either the **remains** of an **alien ship** or a **Hell's Angel biker** who was blown way off course.

I'll investigate this closer.



OK, folks. It's at this point that we advise you to close your eyes!

What do you make of it?

It's as if the man **exploded** from the **inside**—as if he drank a whole **case** of **Dr. Pepper**, tried to **burp** and couldn't!

Yuck!



A warning to put your hands over your eyes.

Ahhhh! This **thing** is **grabbing** me... **entangling** me... almost **hugging** me!!!

Maybe it **thinks** you're its **mother!**

CRACKED is putting your pants on over your head and getting a belt in the mouth!

Look. Crane has found a whole bunch of **eggs**. And they appear to be **surrounded** by something... possibly **strips** of **bacon**. Shapely, what do you make of it?

Ashes, Mommy **de-ciphered** the message we picked up. It's **not** an S.O.S. It's a **warning**.

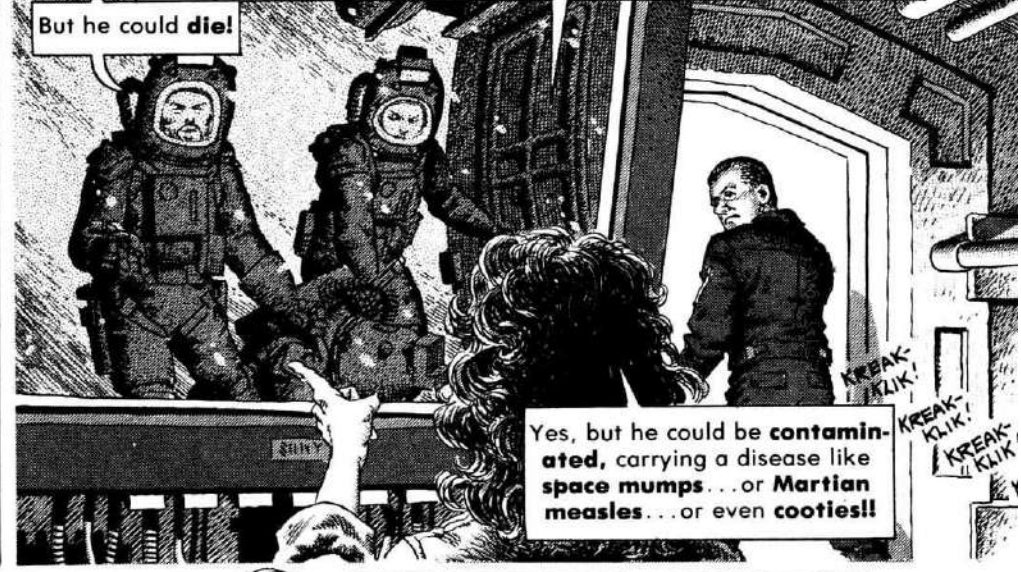
Ooh, Crane is about to **touch** the **egg**—a **warning** for what?



Shapely, let us into the ship. **Crane** is hurt.

I can't, **Dullus**. You know the **rules**. He has to be **quarantined** first.

But he could **die!**



Yes, but he could be **contaminated**, carrying a disease like **space mumps**... or **Martian measles**... or even **cooties!!**

Ashes, you shouldn't have let him in.

I **had** to. Just to look at that **thing** on his face.

Gad! It's **worse** than my sister's **acne**.

I'm gonna try and operate to remove it.



And you know what those operations usually look like, so we suggest you leave for a few minutes and get some popcorn.

You're next. Did you want the buttered or unbuttered?



And **that's** what was under the **mess** on his face.

It looks like a 2½ pound **lobster**.

We've got to take it off and **dispose** of it.

Dispose of it?!?! Are you **nuts**?! Do you know how **much** a good seafood shop would give us for a lobster **that** size?

I'm going to make a cut.

KLIKITY KLIK!

UPRRK! KATIK! KATIK!

Whoops! What happens on part of the screen is vital, but what happens on the other part of the screen is barf-a-rino. So, cover your eyes half way.

My gosh! **Look!** The liquid **oozing** from the creature is **eating** right through the floor.

Lord! It's **worse** than the **chili** they served for lunch yesterday.

How's the ship coming?

We're just about **done** thanks to these new-fangled instruments.

Thirty years ago, it would have taken months to fix this ship. It's amazing the advances science has made.

Yeah and it's amazing the little advances my **people** have made. **You all** is still the **officers** and **we all** is still doing the **dirty** work.

TSSSSSSS!!

Ashes, you want to see all of us.

Look! Crane is **well** again. In fact, everything is fine except for **one** teensy thing—I don't know **where** the creature is. But—good news! I found his old **skin**!

What's so good about that? It means he's probably **twice** as big now.

True, but you've gotta admit—now he'll be **twice** as **easy** to find!

MAN! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! OOOEEEE!

CREAK!

And you wonder **why** I'm (boo hoo) constantly **crying** (sob). I mean with minds like **that** watching out for us, **who** stands a **chance**!

Well, look. The thing's probably dead. I say we finish eating and go back to sleep. Although, I do wonder where it went.

Me too.

You hungry, Crane?

Yeah. Ever since I awoke, I've had this incredible urge for Lobster Cantonese. It's like something **inside** me is giving me this craving.

And folks, you know what's inside giving him that craving!! Well, it's about to (yuch!) rip through his (gag) chest and make its entrance in that scene everyone is talking about. So, unless you're really into open-chest operations, I suggest this time you not only close your eyes, but also cover your ears as well.



OK, you can open your eyes now!



...given Crane a proper burial, so now it's time to **track** the **creature** down. We know it's constantly changing shapes, so I want Pucker, Shapely and Breck to be one team, and Lambchop, Ashes and I to be another. If you find it, you're to trap it in these official "**CATCH-A-CREATURE**" heavy-weight **baggies** the company has supplied us with. Got it? ... **Good! Then get it!!**



Pucker, the portable tracker says there's a **moving object** in this locker. Get the **baggie** ready.



No need to close your eyes folks, it's only...



That cat is really gonna throw the tracker off. Ah, look, Breck. While we wait here, why don't you go inside, poke around for a minute or two and then, if it feels right—get **eaten!**

Sure thing, Shapely.



AAHHH! It changed again! **Quick!!** Somebody get me the **baggie!**





ICKKK! What a sight!...
Teeth!... **Blood!**... A torn
baggie! **This** is entertainment?
To me, it's more like a good
time to take a trip to **you**
know where.

MEN



O.K. I'm down in the air
shaft with a flame thrower
trying to get it. Lambchop,
you track the creature.

But Dullus
(sob...
...gulp...
blubber).

And stop crying.
You'll **rust** the
mechanisms!



So where
is it?

To your **left**
...no...no!
Your **right**
...wait!
Hold it!
Dullus (sob)
be careful. I
found it!
...It's right
on **top** of
you!

I know. It's
eating me!

Ah, Dullus. Before
it devours you **com-**
pletely, could you
answer a question—
has it changed
shapes again?

I've had it. Time to ask
Mommy what's going on—
BLEEP. Blip. Bleep. aw, come
on, Ma. I don't **wanna** play
pong now!

So you found out.

That this mission was designed to
bring back an alien; that our **crew**
was **expendable**; and that we actors
are scheduled for a **5% pay cut**
because the director went over
budget on the **blood!?!**

You must have taken an Evelyn
Wood speed-reading course to
come up with all that! But **now**,
I'm gonna have to **kill** you!

Yes! It's **awful**. It looks just
like **Ricardo Montalban**
in **Bermuda shorts**.

**EVERYBODY UNDER
THE SEAT!**

Hold it, Ashes.
I'm gonna
kill you.

Pucker!

BAM! KRAK!
SPLIT!

Shades of '**Lost In
Space!**' Ashes is a
robot! You've been pro-
tecting that creature all
along.

It's because,
as a child,
I never had
a pet.

That **does** it! Pucker and Lambchop, I want you
to get some food and supplies and meet me in
the space shuttle in 10 minutes. I'm blowing up
the whole ship along with that creature! And
Ashes, wash your face. You look **disgusting!**





Oh Pucker (sob ...gurgle). You think we'll **make** it?

Not if you keep **crying** all over the **dehydrated food**. It'll all be **ruined**.

Let's see. We'll take some (sob) artichokes, turnips, a couple of pop tarts... what else?

Ahhhhh!
The monster!

Why take one on the **shuttle** when we've got one **here**?



Quick! Take your **empty popcorn container** and place it over your **head**!

Oh my **gosh!** It got **Lambchop!** And **Pucker tool** That means it even likes **soul food**. Ashes was right. There is **no stopping** it. I'd better get on that **shuttle** now!



Well, the main ship's been **blown up**. Everything is calm and back to normal. There's nobody left here but you and me cat...and...**IT!** **Oh NO!**

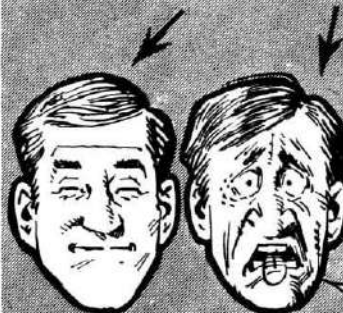
It's extending its **teeth**, trying to get me... what an **overbite!** I'll just slip into this space suit and... **WAIT!** If I can get it into that little room over there, I can...



It worked! It sucked him right out into space. Well, We can rest now, cat...at least, until the sequel.



And there you have it. So go to this and all those other "**gore-galore**" flicks if you have an inkling or get roped into it. But remember how we advise you to watch them, because if you don't, instead of leaving like him, you'll leave like him!



I've never been **so grossed out!!!**
UGH! I'm reading this helpful **CRACKED** article so it doesn't happen again (**gag**)!!

TH'END

If we were to give you one guess as to which industry is growing the fastest, what would you say? ... Come on... take a guess. We'll give you a few seconds to think... tick... tick... tick... tick... tick... Time's up! If you said 'Mink Melting', well, you're wrong. It's gambling. Yup! Casinos are going up yearly in Atlantic City; Vegas hits new revenue highs every year, nearly every state has a lottery, etc. And this is great because it takes the profession out of sinister hands (boo!) and helps each state to get richer by collecting revenue from the profits (yeeh!). Well, we see the day when this industry will spread even further and won't be confined to just casinos and lotteries. Yup, one day it'll account for nearly 1/2 a state's tax base and that'll probably happen in a few years.

WHEN GAMBLING BECOMES LEGAL IN EVERYDAY LIFE

SUPERMARKETS

Ladies, drawing your attention to aisle 7. We have another **price change**, this time on **SWANSON'S** 10 oz. of **Boned Monkey Meat**.

All right ladies. Minimum wager is 25¢. Place your bets on the **new price**.

Oh, I just used the stuff in a **salad** last week and it was 97¢. It's gotta be at least **\$1.00** today.

And the price —89¢!!

I don't believe it! It went down!!

I knew I should have read the **business page** this morning. There must have been a **glut of monkeys** on the market, forcing the price down.

50¢ on 97¢.

VOTING BOOTHS

And I'll pick **Sidney Snively** for **Attorney General**, **Milton Kickback** for **Senator** and **Harry Handshake** for **Worm Controller**.

Ahhhhh! I hit the right combination!

We have a **39¢ winner** at voting booth #3—a **new combination** is now being entered into the machines. Make a **bet** and be a winner like **Mrs. Horsenagle** here!!

WARREN SATER

IN A HOSPITAL

Nurse, cut the **suture** and return the patient to his room.

Certainly, doctor. But first, for the **benefit** of all those who were **watching** the operation...

...would you reveal what the **mystery organ** was that you **removed** today?

It was the **right kidney**.

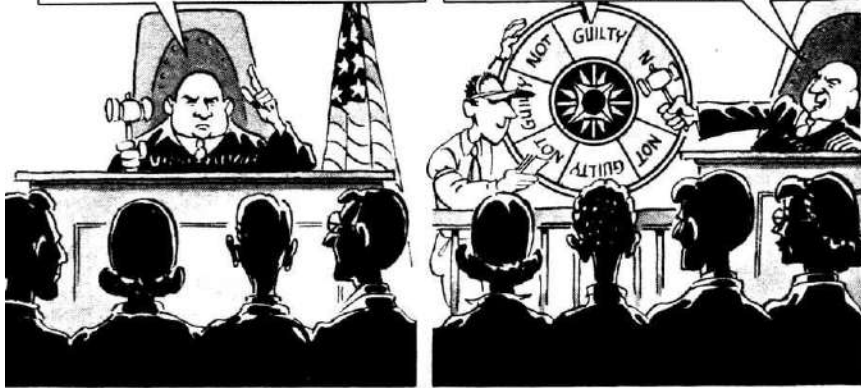
I've got it!! The right kidney... that's **me!!** I won!! **WHOOPEEE!**

CRACKED is throwing your pen into the water to make a fountain pen!

IN COURTROOMS

And now, before we hear the **verdict** of the **jury**, we pause so you may...

...place your **bets!** The court is giving 2 to 1 odds in **favor** of a guilty verdict. Bet **for** or **against** the **sleeze** on trial. Let's go! All bets down!!



SCHOOLS

I'm gonna pick the kid in the 3rd row, second seat. He looks like a born **loser** to me.

Forget it. He's got a **crib sheet**. The kid next to him is gonna end up with a **much** lower grade.

At only 50¢ a pick, I'm gonna take them both.



DEPARTMENT STORE

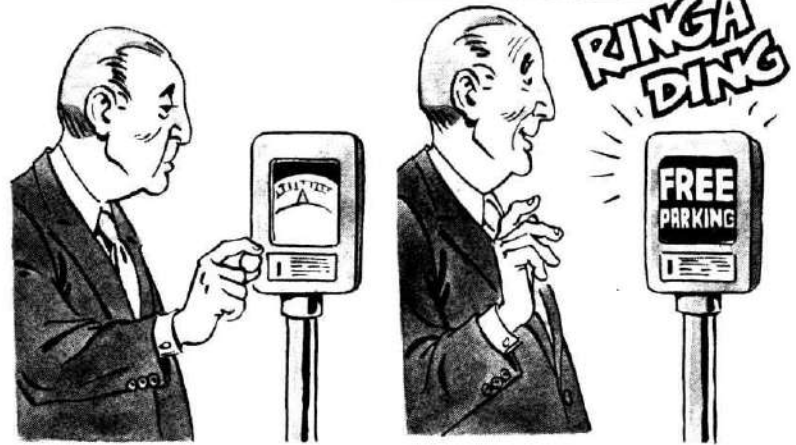
TODAY'S SPECIAL
ONE ROLL
\$39.57

ROLL
1
2
3
4
5
6

AND RECEIVE
SOCKS
BATHING SUIT
HANDKERCHIEF
SKI PARKA
MITTENS
CARDBOARD COAT



IN MUNICIPAL PARKING LOTS



AT THE LAUNDROMAT

PLAY 'BLACK SLACK'
WITH OUR DRYER
75¢
MINIMUM BET

Over here!
My dryer's done!

Remember the rules. We both pick pieces of clothing from your dryer and the one who gets the most without **drawing the black slacks** we've hidden inside your load, **wins!!**

OK, I've got a hanky, 2 socks and my husband's armor. I'll stick.

My turn to draw. I'm trying to beat 4.

Ahhh! First try! You didn't go over. I won 75¢!!



AT A CROSSWALK



CRACKED is having your eggs cloudy side up!

Fleabag
Arms. May
I help
you?

Yes. This is Room **106**. The TV in my room has no **picture**.

That's cause
it's a **radio**,
sir.

Oh.

CUT
OUT
AND
READ
LATER

Your attention, please! It's **10:15**. The **accounting department** may now take it's **coffee break** at the **coffee wagon** located this morning **under the clock**.

[illegible]

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the center, a man with a wide-eyed, shouting expression wears a beret and a large apron with the word 'CRACKED' on it. He holds up a 'CRACKED' magazine featuring a cartoon character. To his left, a dog with large, floppy ears looks up at him. To his right is a newspaper kiosk. The kiosk has a sign that says 'CRACKED SNACK' and displays several copies of 'CRACKED' magazines. Below the kiosk, a pile of 'CRACKED' magazines is scattered on the ground. A speech bubble from the man says, 'laugh at 24 of the pages!! Take a chance—only 60¢!!'. The background shows a simple building facade.

Let's go folks!! Get this month's **CRACKED**. Odds are 2 to 1 that you'll laugh at **24** of the **pages!!** Take a chance—only 60¢!!

That was Room **106**...
got that?... **106!!**

Oh my gosh! All I need
is **305** and I'll
have **Bingo!**

AND THEY'RE OFF!!!—It's Mandel
rounding the corner with
Hoggelmeyer ten steps behind...
ah... ah... **Slingsnorter** has been
eliminated for breaking into a trot.

Darn you, **Slingsnorter!!**
I had **10 bucks** on you!!

And in the stretch it's **Hoggelmeyer** and **Mandel**...and it's ...Hoggelmeyer by a nose, **Mandel** second and **Bagbarfer** third. Next coffee break will be at 3:15. Thank you.

THE CRACKED WORLD

Vote me in as **Class President** and I promise to help beautify **SQUIGGLY HIGH**.

How you gonna do that?

By getting all the **ugly teachers fired!**



Eugene is really going **all-out** to win this **election**. Every-day I see him **campaigning** and making **speeches**.

True—but he doesn't stand a **chance** against **Linda Caso**.



GONNA VOTE FOR ME, FIDO?

NOT WITHOUT A DOG BISQUIT.

Come on! Linda hasn't taken a **stand** on **one issue**, whereas Eugene has. In addition, Eugene has **personality** and **perseverence**. What does Linda have to **attract votes?**



A father who owns a **soda shop**.

You got my vote Linda. Thanks Sammy.



Come on, **Roger... Peter**. We're **cleaning out** the attic, right **NOW!**



Here, you take these **cartons down** and have **Peter throw out** these **old magazines**.

Can't we finish this **later?**

NO!! NOW!!



You **certainly** are **ambitious**, Dad, after putting this **off** for so long.

Yeah, how come all of a sudden you've got this **cleaning urge?**



A piece of **advice**, son, before you go out into that **jungle** looking for your **first job**. If you're gonna make it in today's **world of business**, you gotta have **drive**.

I got **drive** dad...



Also **neutral**, park and **reverse**.

Good! Good! You'll go **far!**



So **there** you are Benny—**watching TV** again. I can't take this! You're **28 years** old—you should be out **looking for a job**.



OK ma. Let's say I go out and **look for a job**...

Now you're **talking**.

I find a position as a **mailboy** in a big office building.



Pretty soon I **work** my way up to a **sub-junior executive**... then a **junior executive**, and then an **executive**.

That's my son!



D OF AMBITION

Because I like a **neat** house...and **hate** clutter...and because your **mother** went to a **garage sale** 3 hours ago...



...and we're gonna **need** all the room we can get for the **new garbage** she's bringing home!!



I'm gonna be the world's **greatest juggler** someday!



I gotta the **besta outfit** money can buy!



And the **besta jiggle-a jiggle** things...



And I-a **practice** everyday. There'sa **nothing** that'sa gonna **stop** me!!



My dad is **better** than **your** dad!

Oh yeah?

YEAH!



My dad says that he's got so much **drive** that **one day** he's gonna **make it to the top!**

Big deal! My dad made it to the top **already!**



Yup—he's a **roofer!!**



And then the **economy** worsens and the company starts **laying off** people—and **who's** the **first** to go? —**ME!**—being the **newest executive.**



So, I **pack** my things and then walk the streets looking for a another job. But everyone says, "You're too **old** to be **starting** again!" So I go home, **dejected**, and where do I land up? —**here...** **very depressed...** on this couch, **watching TV.**



Now I ask you ma—did you **raise** me so that I should sit here **10 years** from now **depressed**—or would you rather I sit here, right now, **very happy?!!**

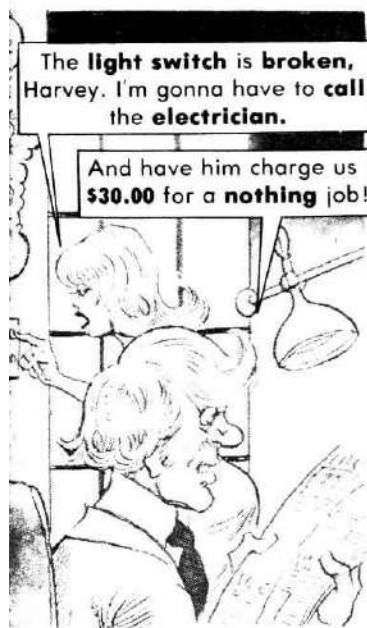
Oh Benny! How selfish I've been. Forgive me?

No sweat, ma.



Nothing but a lack of **talent!**







You mean you **botched** the job and now we're gonna have to pay an electrician **double** to fix up your **mistake**?

No, Mildred, we **don't** need an electrician...

Hey, I'm **proud** of you Harvey.



We **need** the fire department—all I did was **reconnect** the two wires and...

You know, we could use another **25** copies of this.

I'll get it for you Mr. **Sommers**. I was just on my way to the copier anyway to make sure it was still **plugged** in.



Here you go. You know **Johnson**, you're a **great** worker with lots of **ambition**.

Thank you sir. My **goal** is to one day **claw** my way to the **top** of this **company**—like it shows in this **book**.



That's very **admirable**, but you **keep** forgetting one minor thing, Johnson...



But there's **one** thing that bothers me about your **enthusiasm**.

Why do you keep **pushing** the sandwiches so hard?

What?

Because what ever's **left** over, I'm gonna get stuck **eating** for lunch next week, and I hate **chopped** liver and **swiss** cheese!!



I'm the only **other** person working here.



**"...this
sauce
definitely
tastes
better..."**



**voted
Mrs. Reenie Hartless during
taste tests in Irvington, N.J.
Auntie Dinger's won hands down.**

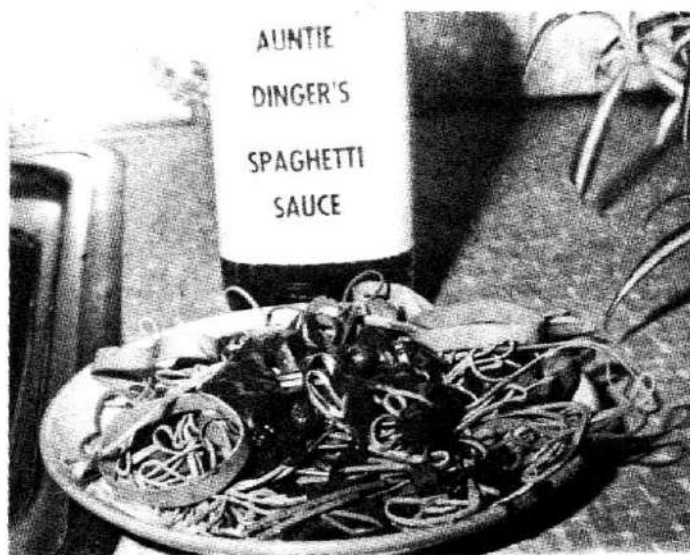


Housewives prefer Auntie Dinger's 5 to 1

We didn't tell them they were eating rubber bands. That just shows how good Auntie Dinger's sauce is. If these housewives prefer rubber bands with Auntie Dinger's over real spaghetti with another sauce, then Auntie Dinger's **MUST** be good.

"My whole family loves Auntie Dinger's," raves Mrs. Frogsucker. "On spaghetti, in salads or all by itself as a midafternoon snack!"

**AUNTIE DINGER'S—
Fine Quality Sauce For Nearly
A Quarter Of A Decade**



INFLATION SALVATION SECTION

Inflation is forcing us all to tighten our belts. But what happens when we reach the last notch?!! Well, then we'll have no choice but to follow these . . .

CRACKED TIPS FOR ECONOMIZING

THE ECONOMY OUTDOOR CONCERT DATE



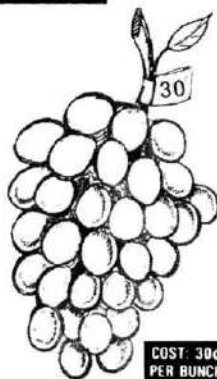
THE ECONOMY DRIVE-IN MOVIE DATE



THE ECONOMY WEDDING



THE ECONOMY WINE-MAKING KIT



COST: 30c
PER BUNCH
OF GRAPES

ECONOMY DISCO ENTERTAINMENT



Open-kitchen cabinets help create illusion of flashing lights. Steaming kettles serve as a fog machine.

COST: NOTHING

THE ECONOMY NEW YORK VACATION

Have two friends mug you on a dark, deserted street.



COST: NOTHING
RETURN PURCHASED
SKI-MASKS TO
STORE FOR CASH
REFUND

THE ECONOMY ROME VACATION



Pinch your date at least once every ten minutes while consuming an authentic Italian delicacy.

COST: 80c
TWO SLICES OF
PIZZA or 40c

THE ECONOMY OCEANSIDE VACATION

Pour oil slick on your bath tub water.



COST: NOTHING
SCRAPE OIL FROM
GARAGE FLOOR

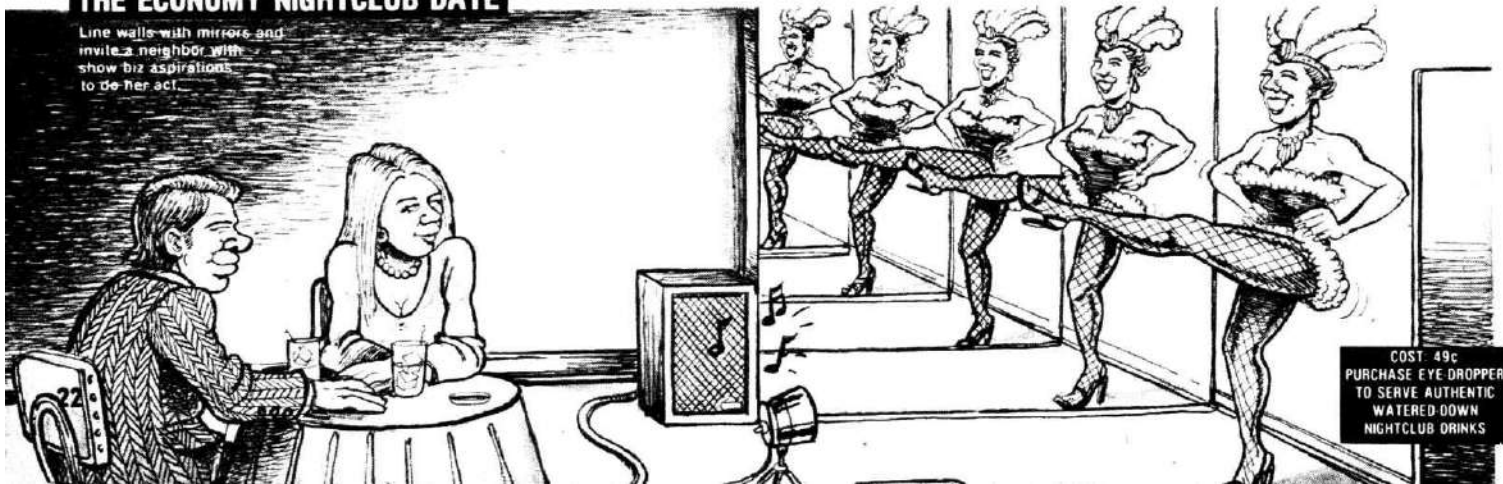
THE ECONOMY WINTER SKIING VACATION



COST: NOTHING
BORROW LADDER AND
BROOMS FROM NEIGHBOR

THE ECONOMY NIGHTCLUB DATE

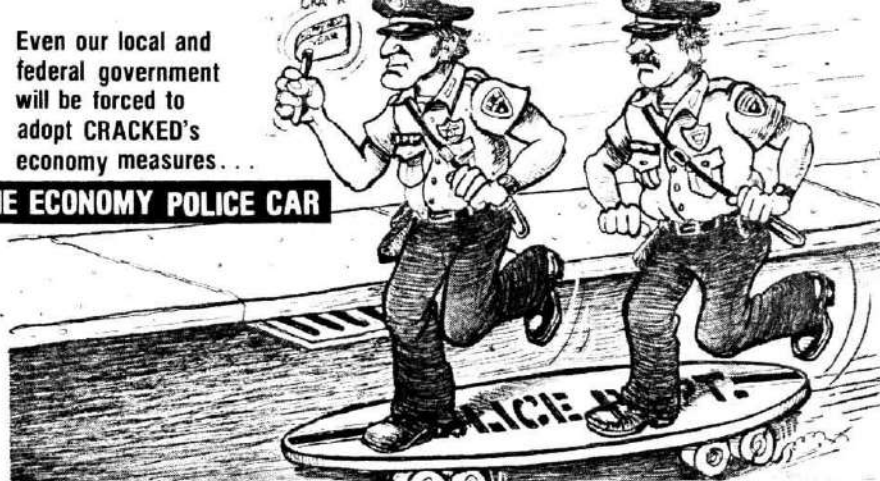
Line walls with mirrors and invite a neighbor with show-biz aspirations to do her act.



COST: 49c
PURCHASE EYE DROPPER
TO SERVE AUTHENTIC
WATERED-DOWN
NIGHTCLUB DRINKS

Even our local and federal government will be forced to adopt CRACKED's economy measures...

THE ECONOMY POLICE CAR



THE ECONOMY PRISON

EXIT

It's our latest gimmick for cutting down on prison costs!



THE ECONOMY ARMED FORCES

THE ECONOMY CONDEMNED MAN'S LAST WISH



Private sponsorship is the only way we can keep at full strength!

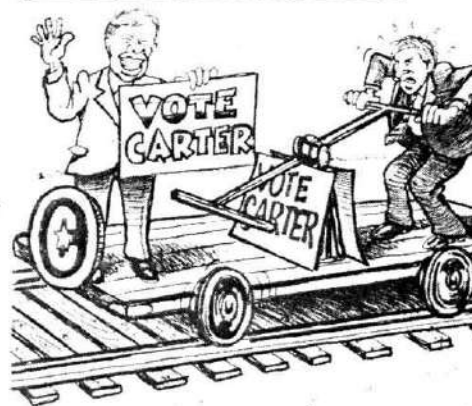


With your Big Mac you get a choice of coffee, tea or 7-UP!

THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMY YACHT

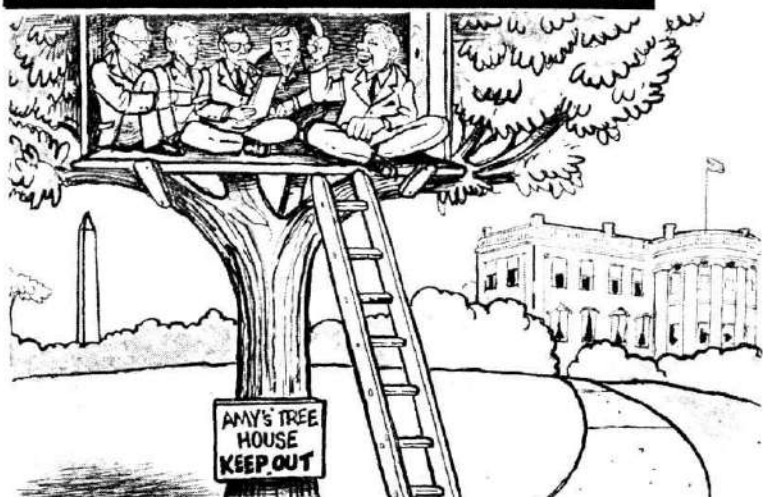
THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMY LIMOUSINE

THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMY CAMPAIGN TRAIN



THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMY WEEKEND RETREAT

THE PRESIDENT'S ECONOMY SOUVENIRS



Instead of souvenir pens I'm now handing out paper clips!

THE CRACKED WORLD



OF MARRIAGE



CRACKED is telling Lon Chaney Jr. not to wolf his food down!



I'm going to make something special for your birthday tonight, dear. It should keep me busy all day.



LATER



Hi, dear. Go ahead and ask me what's for dinner.



I don't care what it is as long as there's plenty of ketchup!



No, I **never** eat lunch. I just **lick** my **thumb** everytime I serve a bowl of **soup**!



Somehow I think a 25th anniversary deserves **more** than a pepperoni **pizzal**!

Okay, I'll order **two cokes**!

My compliments to the chef!

He'd make a great **Henry the Eighth**!

How come you have me to watch my **cho** since I **increased** my **life insurance**?

You'd **never** believe that when I met him he was one of the beautiful people!

RESERVED FOR GEN. AND MRS. TOM THUMB

Evelyn, promise me you'll never **leave** me!

Eat, drink and be merry, dear... tomorrow **mother's** coming for a month!

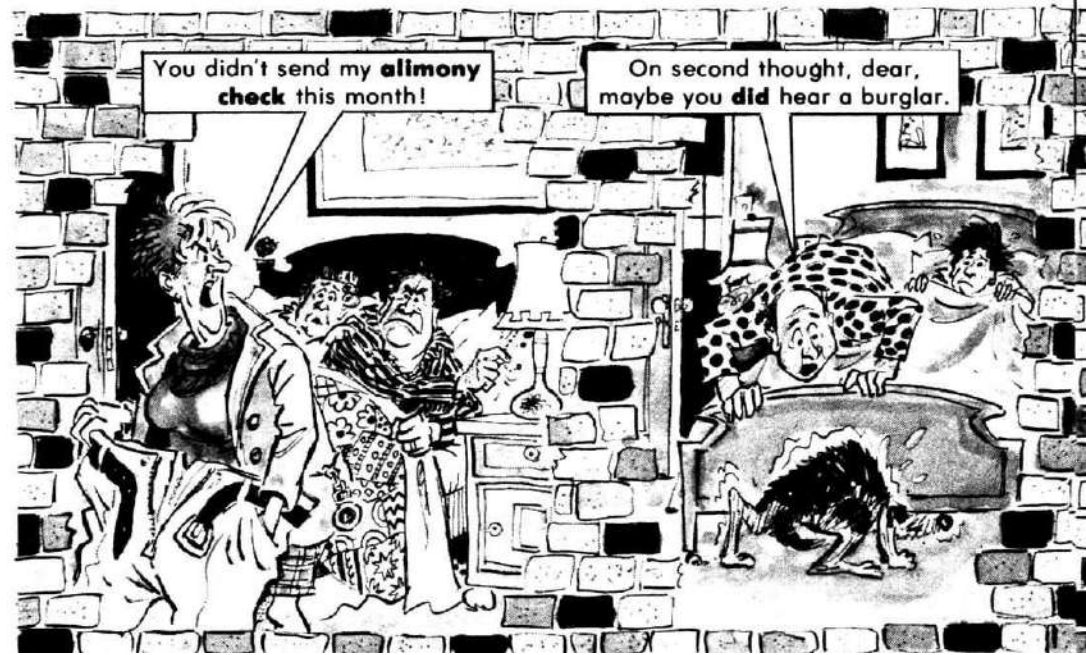
Remember that speeding ticket I got? I decided to take the **30 days**!

Wines
Silla Gnla
MENU

What's **wrong** with us, Eunice? We're the **only** ones from the old crowd that **aren't** divorced.

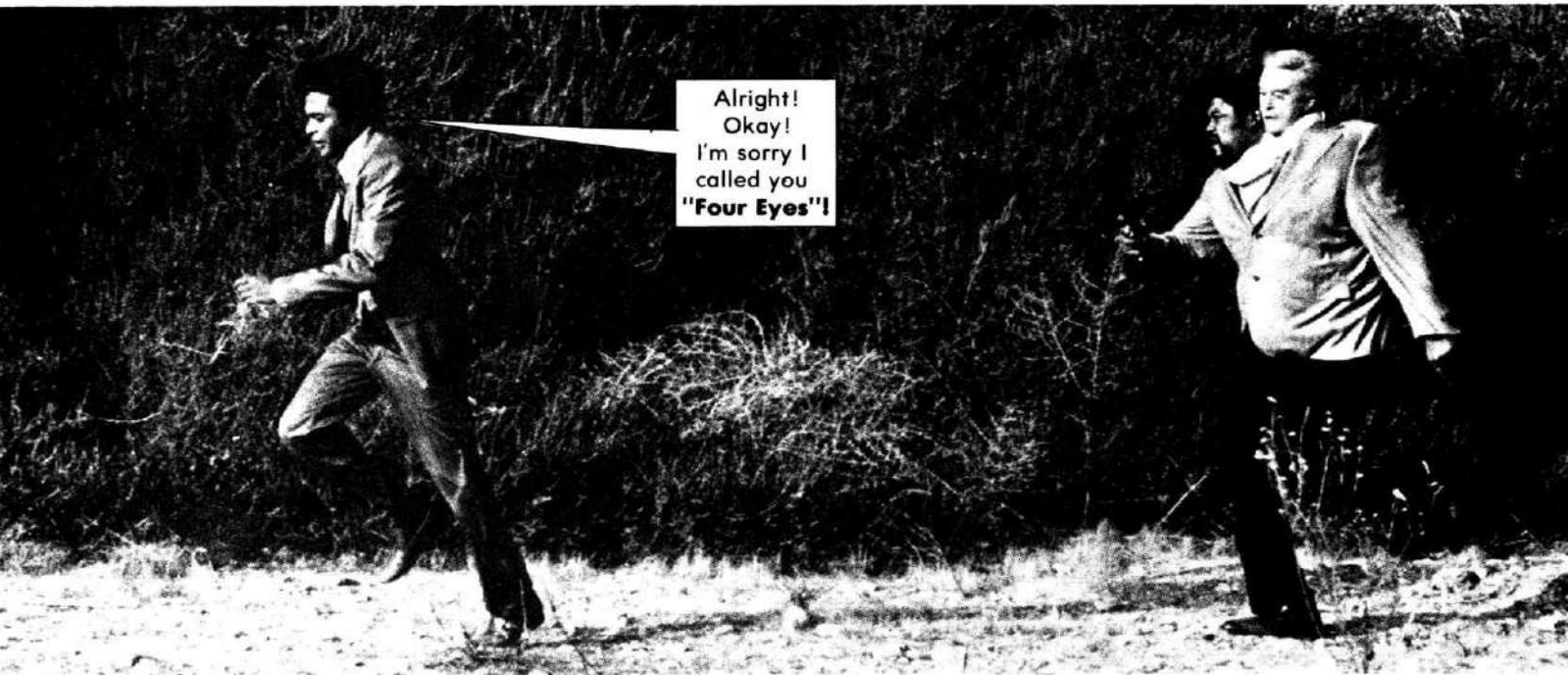
You didn't send my **alimony check** this month!


On second thought, dear, maybe you **did** hear a burglar.






THE LAST OF THE CRACKED LENS







Listen Admiral.
I know my customers.
If I thought your
**chocolate-covered
barnacles** would
sell, I'd buy them!




That's why I **love** New York, George.
Pigeon hunting is in season
all year round.




Hey wait! This ain't
Kennedy airport!



Something tells
me you don't do
much horseback
riding!

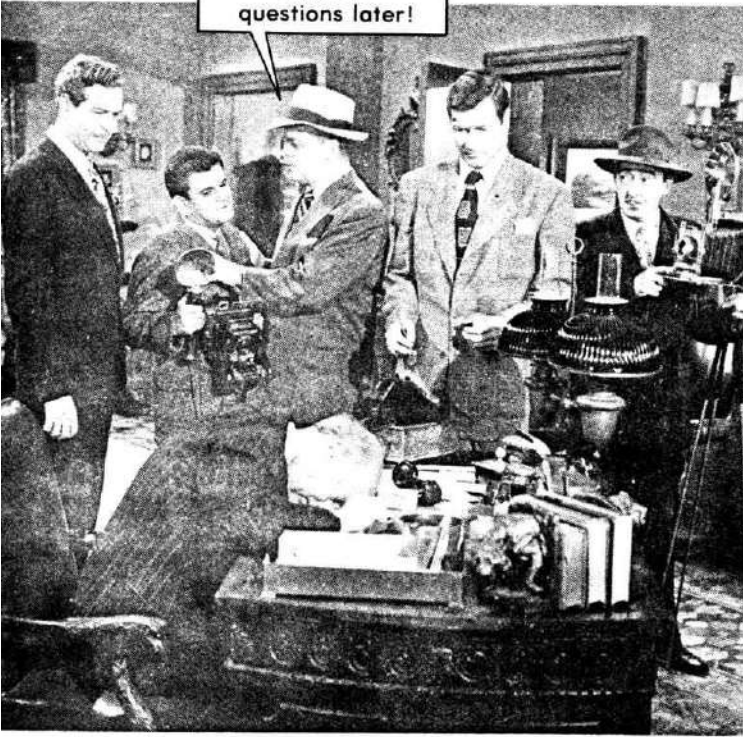


I knew I shouldn't
have **eaten** that
last slice of
pizza!

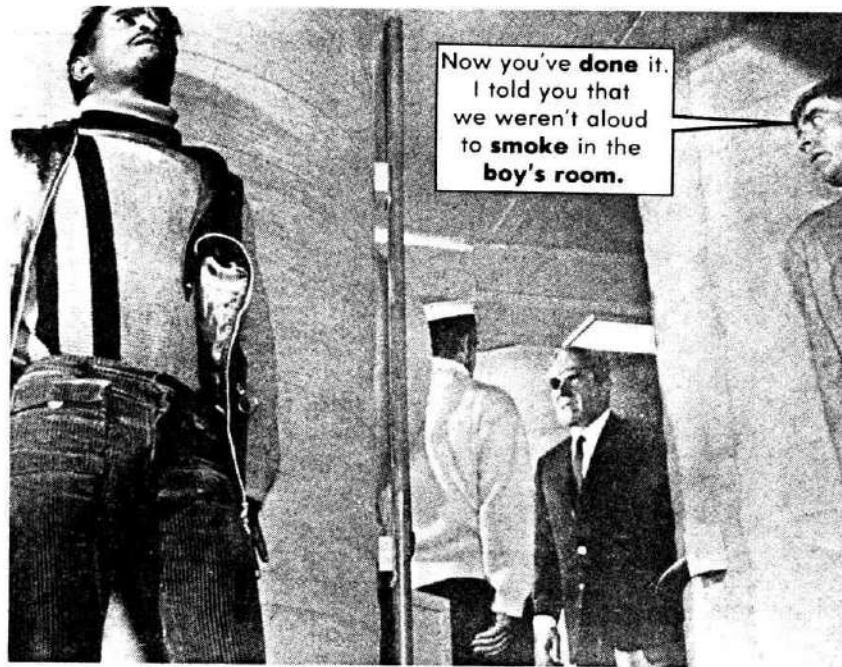


Say, can either
of you guys direct
me to the
nearest **beach**?

I'm sorry gentlemen. The **governor's** had a **rough** day! He'll be happy to answer all your questions later!



Well, goodbye now, Nora. Don't forget to **write**.

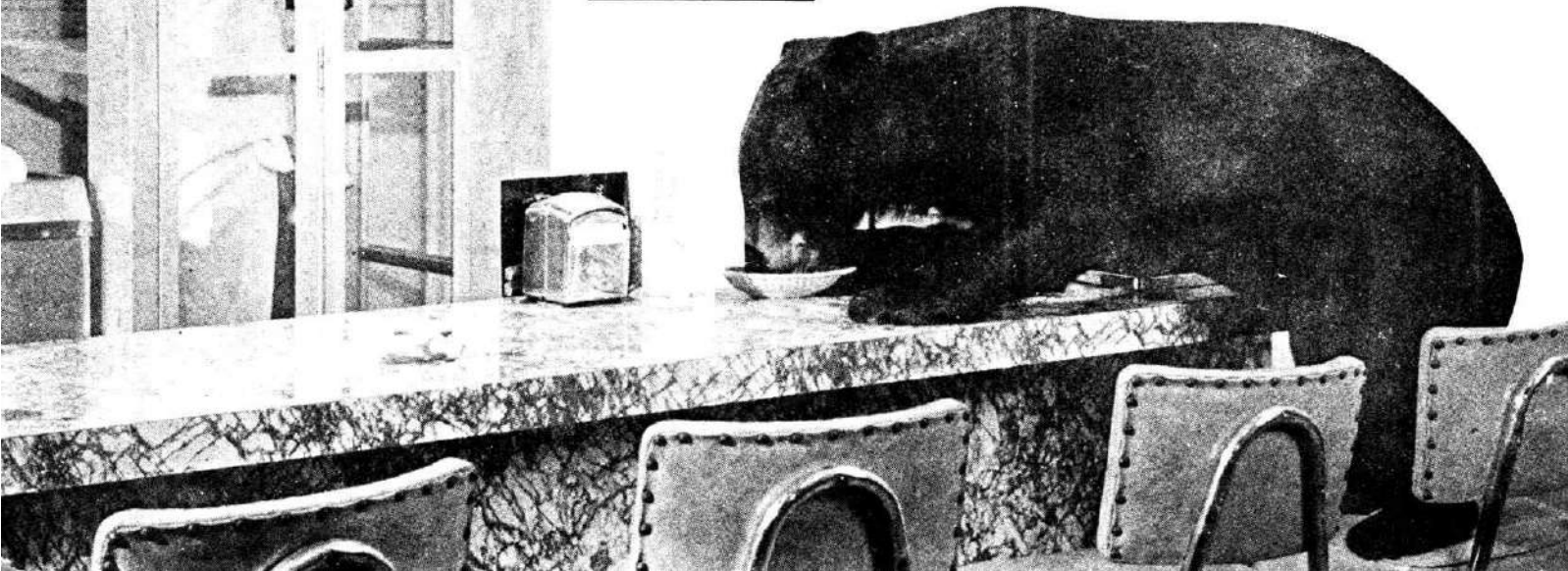


Now you've **done** it. I told you that we weren't aloud to **smoke** in the **boy's** room.



Yeah, he's here—but he's on his **lunch break** right now. Ya wanna **hold on?!!**

CRACKED is calling a thunderstorm a rain of terror!





Wake up
Mr. Martin.
Time for
your **shot!**

Excuse me,
but do your
parents know
you're **out**
this **late?**

CRACKED is thinking a bath house attendant makes his living sponging off others!



472-6



Oh, that reminds me,
Chet—I think I
left the **oven** on.



Gee Dad! Can't you
get your **own**
glass of water
for once?



You can come
out now, honey!
It's just the
boys from
the I.R.S.

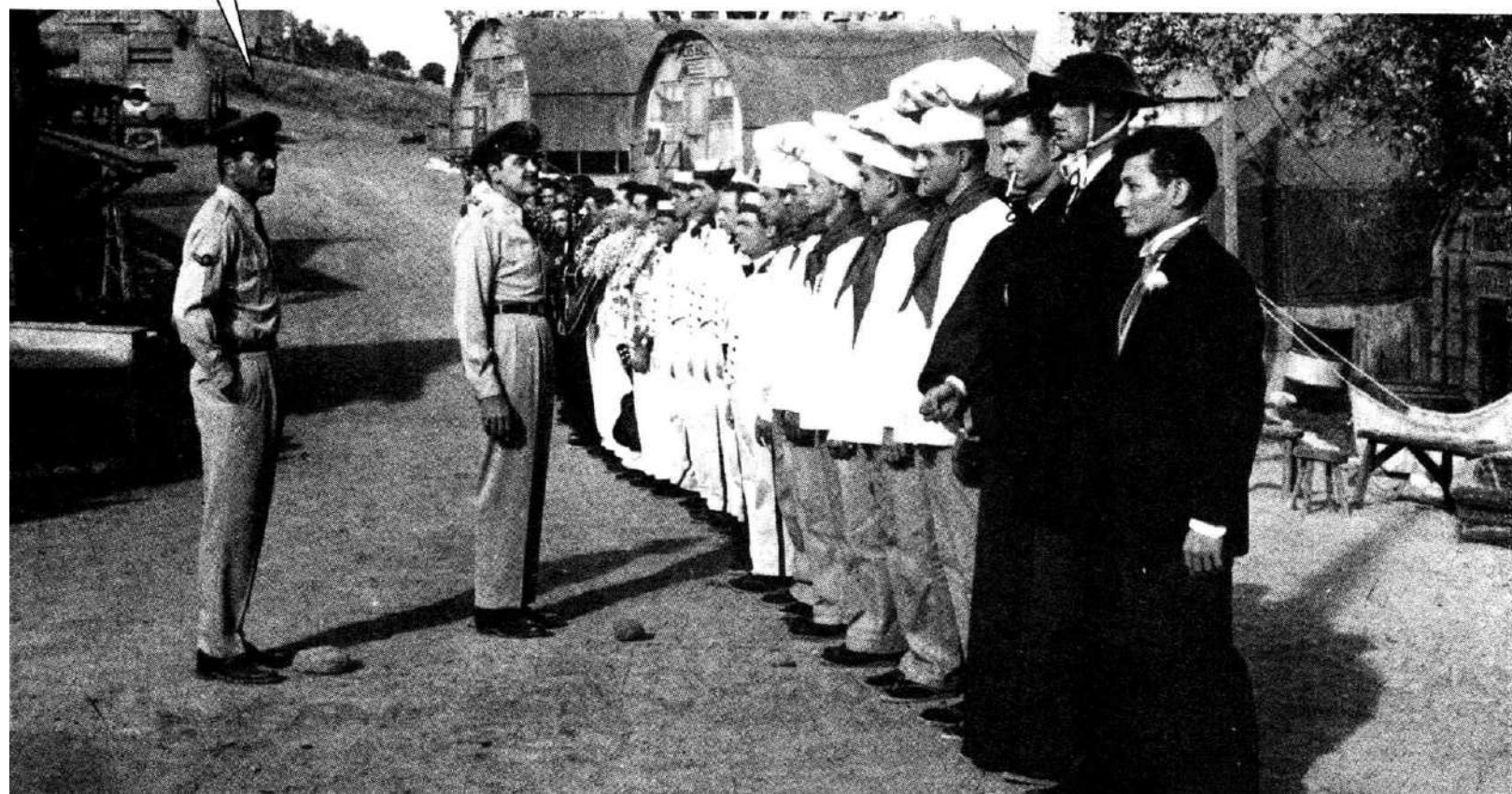


CRACKED is thinking sheep are a bathier!



Uh, if you don't mind,
Mr. Martin, I think my wife's
had **enough artificial respiration**
lessons for today!

You men have been with us for
three weeks now, and we think
it's about time you were told
about the **Air Force dress code!**



Ha! Ha!
That'll **teach him**
to park in a
No Parking'
zone!



A **McDonald's**? Sure.
There's one down the
road about a half-a-mile!



Uh gee, Miss Luke.
We was just
wondering if
you could
give us all
a **ride** into
town.



YOU'RE GOING A LITTLE



You're hitch-hiking and refuse to accept a ride in any car that's not air conditioned!



You ask a famous author to autograph his latest book... which you borrowed from the library!



You rob a bank and then ask the teller to give you a free calendar!



You ask a clothing store owner to give you a free T-shirt because the one you bought six years ago is getting frayed!



You borrow your neighbor's lawn mower, break it, then tell him to get it fixed immediately so you can finish mowing!



You win a weekend trip to a luxury resort, but squawk because the TV set in your hotel room is only black and white!



You pay for your supermarket purchases of \$42.88 in pennies!



You ask your mother to call the school and tell them you won't be in that day because you have eyestrain... from watching too much TV the night before!

TOO FAR WHEN . . .



You tell the IRS that you can't pay your income tax because you're saving money to play the slot machines in Las Vegas!



You go through seven red lights and tell the traffic cop you just wanted to see if he was alert!



You go door to door soliciting charity contributions for oil-well owners in the OPEC countries!



You ask your girlfriend to brush off all those long blond hairs from your jacket . . . and she's a brunette!



You drop out of school after the 8th grade and then give lectures on 'How to Make the Most of Your Future'!



You go into the "Customers Not Permitted" area of a garage while your car is being fixed . . . and then squawk to the manager because you got some grease on your shoes!



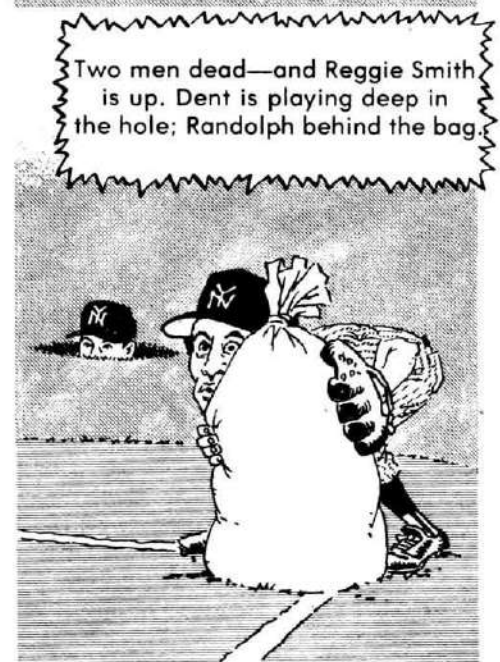
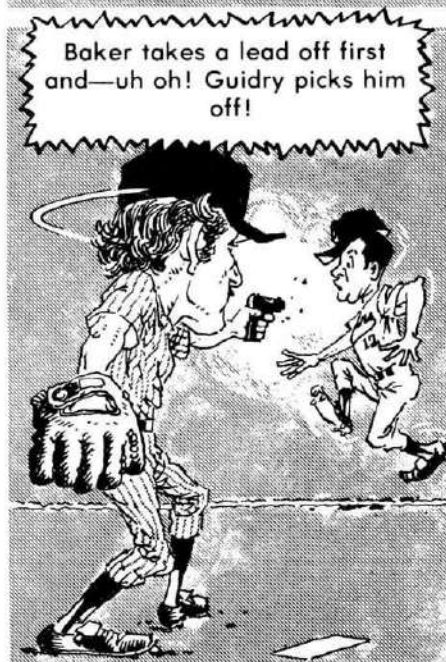
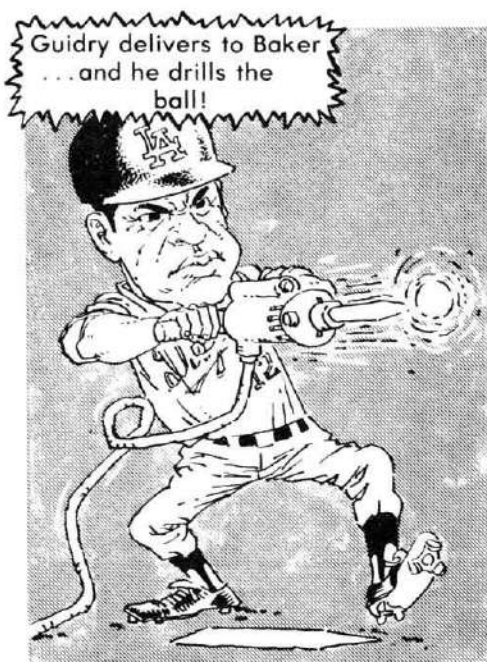
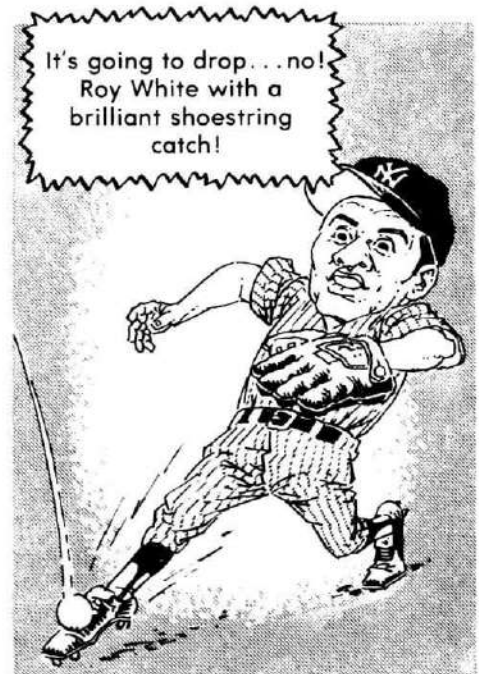
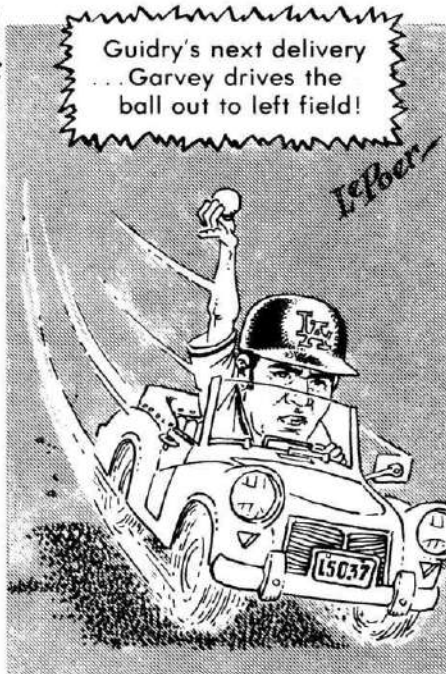
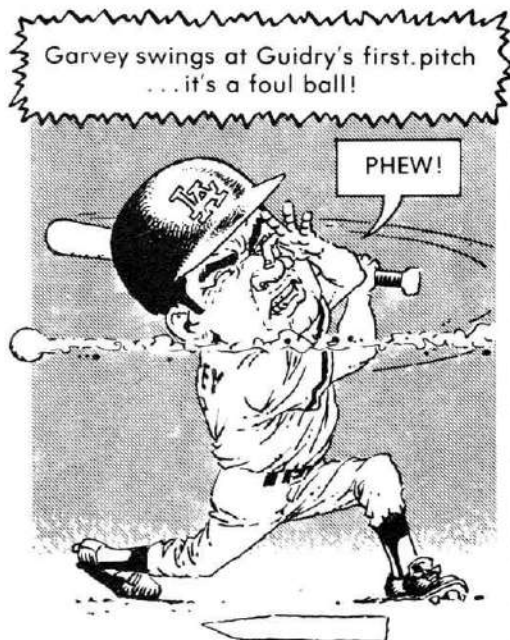
You keep a girl waiting an hour before you show up for your date . . . and then try to make a play for her sister!



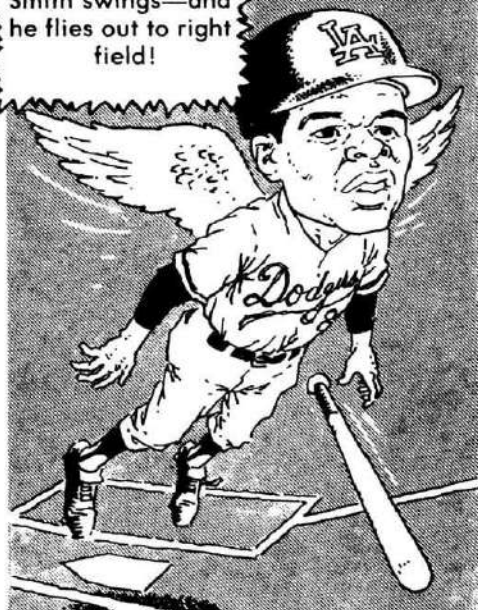
You and your gang swipe things from a neighborhood shop every day after school . . . and then complain when the store owner goes out of business!

If you thought the '78 World Series was exciting on TELEVISION . . .
 you should have caught it on the RADIO! Without the TV picture, it's a
 whole different ballgame for those fans imaginative enough to make

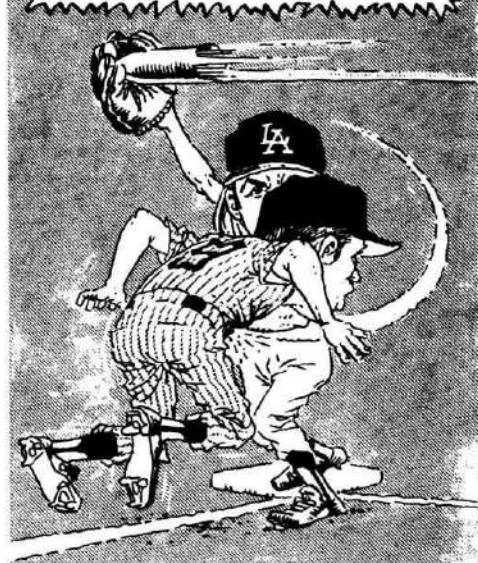
LITERAL INTERPRETATIONS OF BASEBALL EXPRESSIONS



Smith swings—and he flies out to right field!



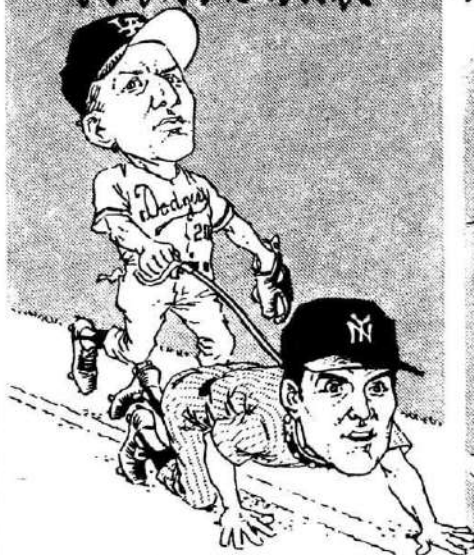
But it's caught by Garvey—and he doubles Nettles up at first!



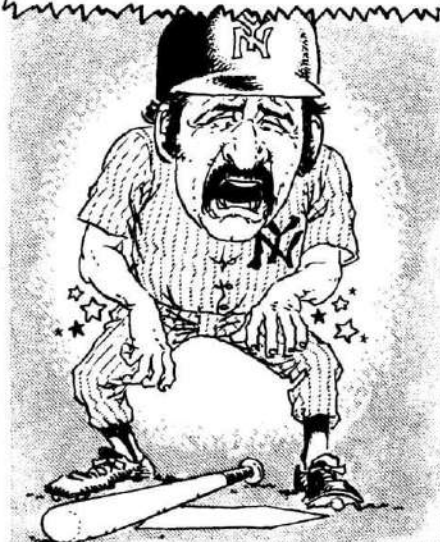
Base hit! That's all for Sutton... Doug Rau comes out of the bullpen to put out the fire!



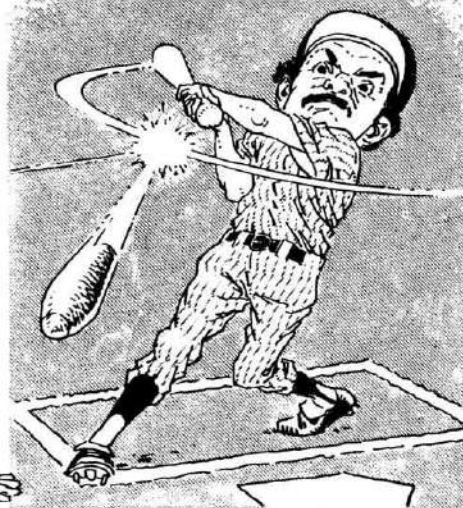
Ball four—Sutton walks Graig Nettles.



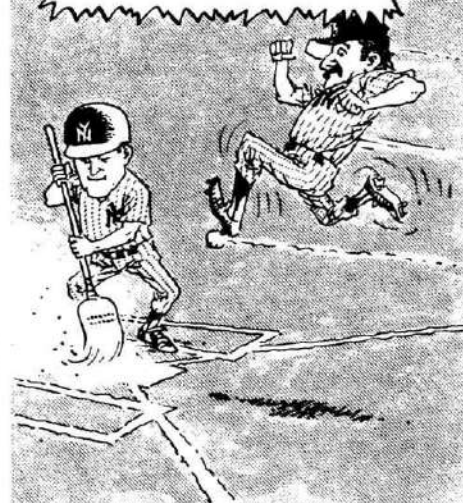
Munson half swings—it's a strike, the umpire says! He broke his wrists!



Reggie Jackson at bat—and he hits a bullet!



Sutton now facing Lou Piniella, the clean-up hitter... Munson is running on the pitch!



Rivers steps in the bucket—the pitch—STRIKE! Rau threw smoke that time!

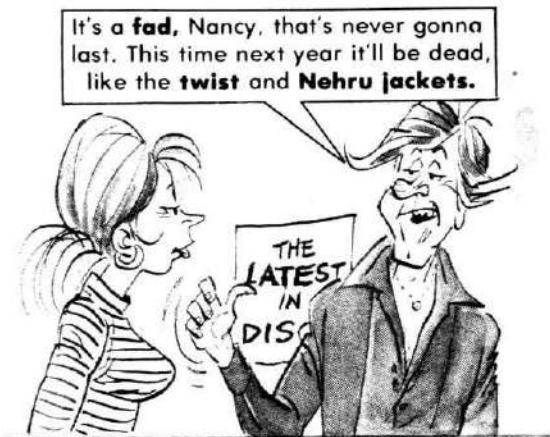


Rau delivers the two strike pitch—and fans Rivers!

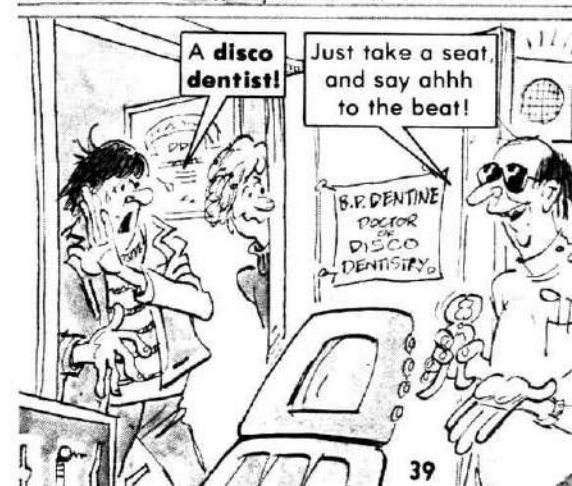
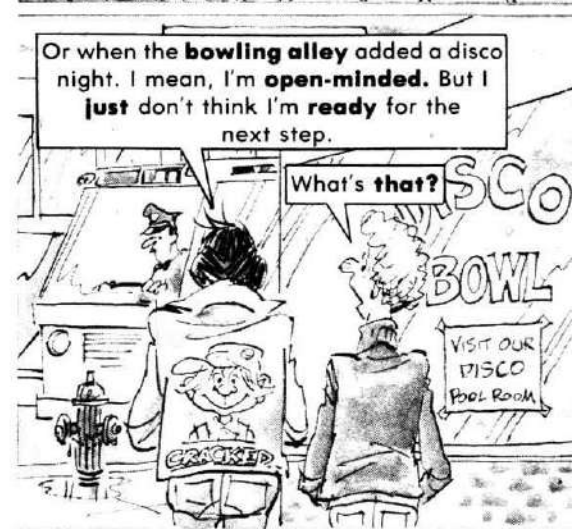


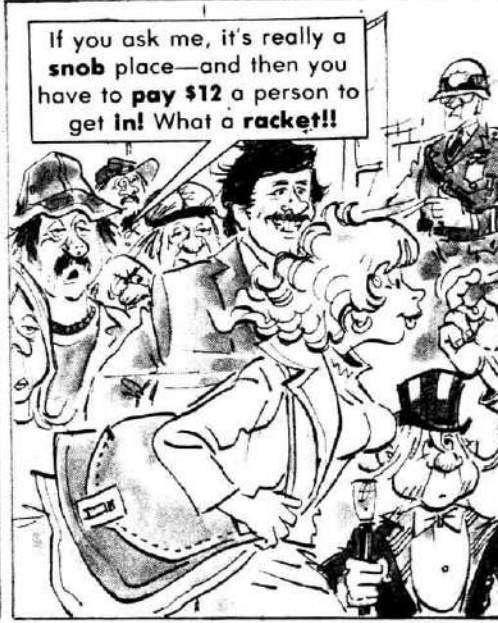
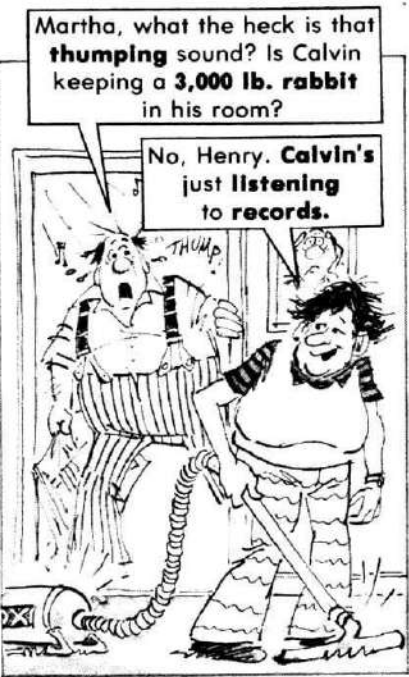
THE END

THE CRACKED WORLD



OF DISCO





Aw Dad! I **gotta**. It's **disco** and in order to feel the music, I gotta turn it up so my **whole body** can enjoy it!



Yeah, well, I can understand that, but, you see, I can feel the music **too** and I **hate** it! Listen, do me a favor and **wear** your **earphones**.



But Dad...

I am!!



You know, your brother **reminds** me of someone.

How 'bout the guy from **Saturday Night Fever**?



My brother saw that movie **12 times** and ever since he's been going to disco's and talking with a **Brooklyn** accent.

You know, I never realized how **loud** one of these places really was, but after 4 hours, I don't think I can **take** it any longer.



Steve, you're getting **old**. This place is **no louder** than say the place where I **work**.

And **where** do you work?



The **M and A Boiler Factory!**



He even went out and bought a **white suit**, **open neck shirt** and **disco scarf**. All he needs is **one more thing** to look exactly like Travolta himself.

What's **that**?



But I got news for you! Looking at the couples that they choose, I think it's safe to say you and Barbara will **never** make it inside.



Exactly.

They **why** do you drag her out here every week and make her stand in line for two hours?



Simple.

For a guy in **my financial** set-up, it's the **only** date I can **afford**!!

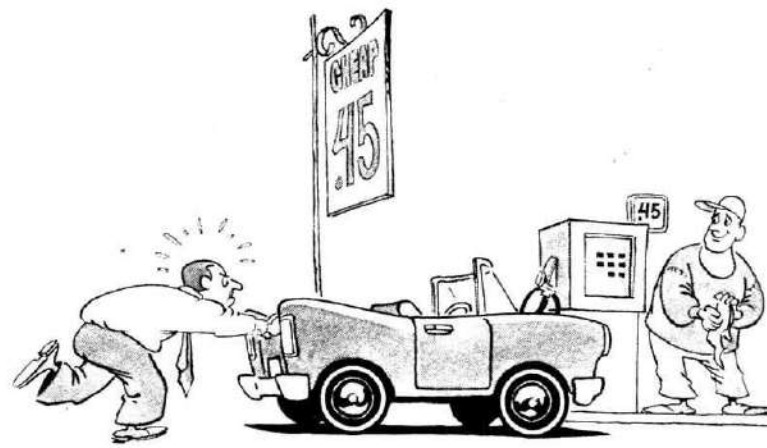


A good **plastic surgeon**!!



TEN LITTLE DRIVERS

(Representing millions more)



1974:

Eight little drivers . . .
To keep their cars alive
They had to shell out now each time
A painful 45.



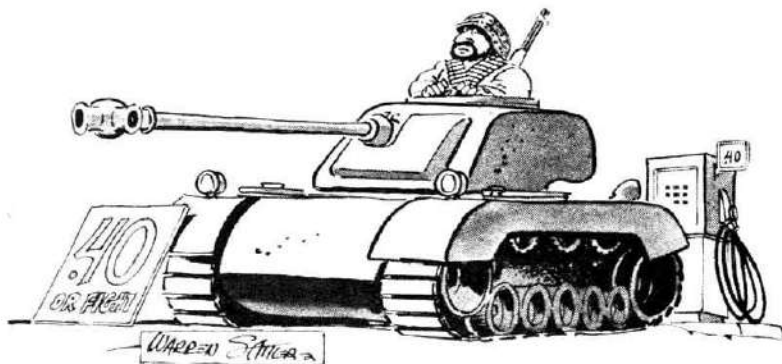
1969:

Ten little drivers . . .
When gasoline was sought,
The price was 29 cents for
Each gallon that they bought.



1975:

Seven little drivers . . .
To put it in the tank,
With gas at over half a buck,
You had to own a bank.



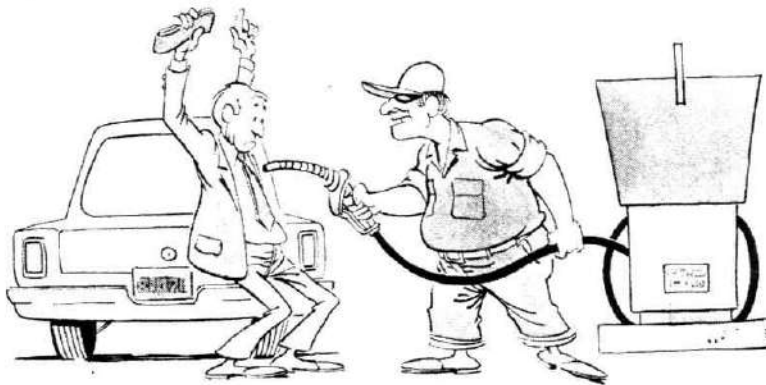
1973:

Nine little drivers . . .
The Mideast was at war,
So Arabs upped the gas price to
Some 40 cents or more.



1976:

Six little drivers . . .
Then OPEC played more tricks:
They pleaded poverty and jumped
The price to 56.



1978:

Five little drivers . . .
Their wallets had some dents.
The pump cost kept on rising to
Well over 60 cents.



1979:

Four little drivers . . .
Bemoaned their forlorn state.
The Saudi squeeze, Iran oil freeze—
Gas jumped to 98.



1980:

Three little drivers . . .
Stared at the pumps and swore.
The highways weren't so crowded now
'Cause gas was one buck four.



1985:

Two little drivers . . .
(The only ones you see).
The roads are clear, but there's no cheer;
The price is 3.03.



1989:

One little driver . . .
His car he cannot run.
At ten bucks per, it will not stir,
So then there'll be none.

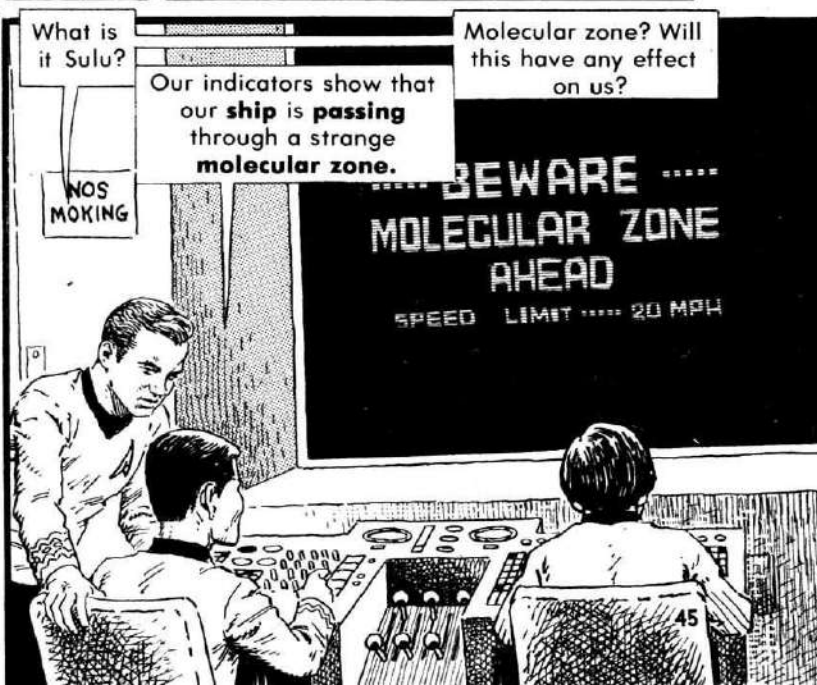
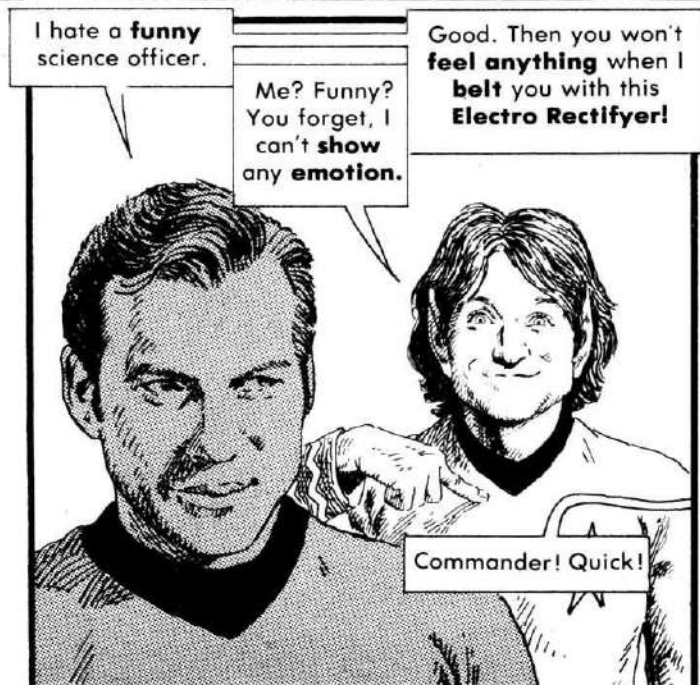
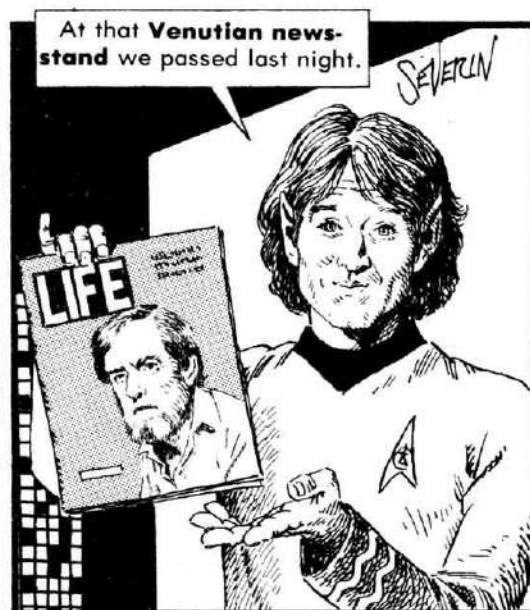
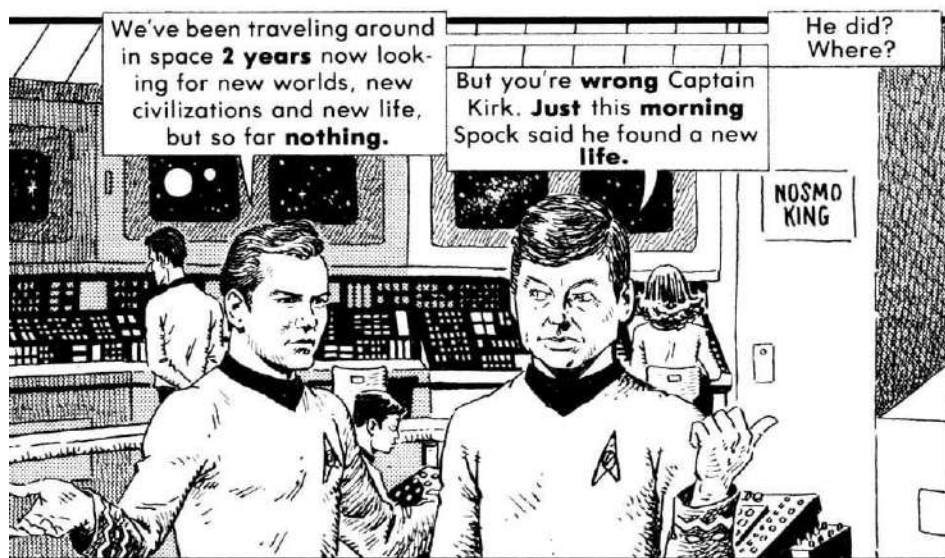
ONE AFTERNOON IN A PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE

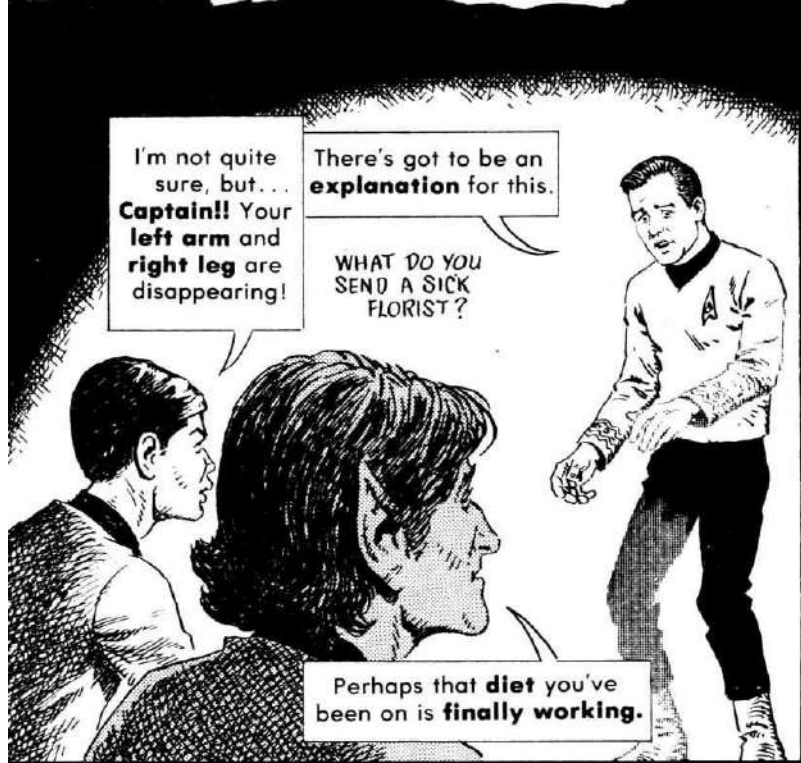


Each week, millions watch that alien from Ork get into one predicament after another and no matter how ludicrous, we laugh at it. Well, we got to thinking what this character would be like if he had been cast in other great shows and films of the past—and you can bet that when we started thinking like that, an article is bound to crop up on the subject. In fact, it's our next offering to you entitled

IF MORK APPEARED IN OTHER TV SHOWS AND MOVIES

STAR TREK



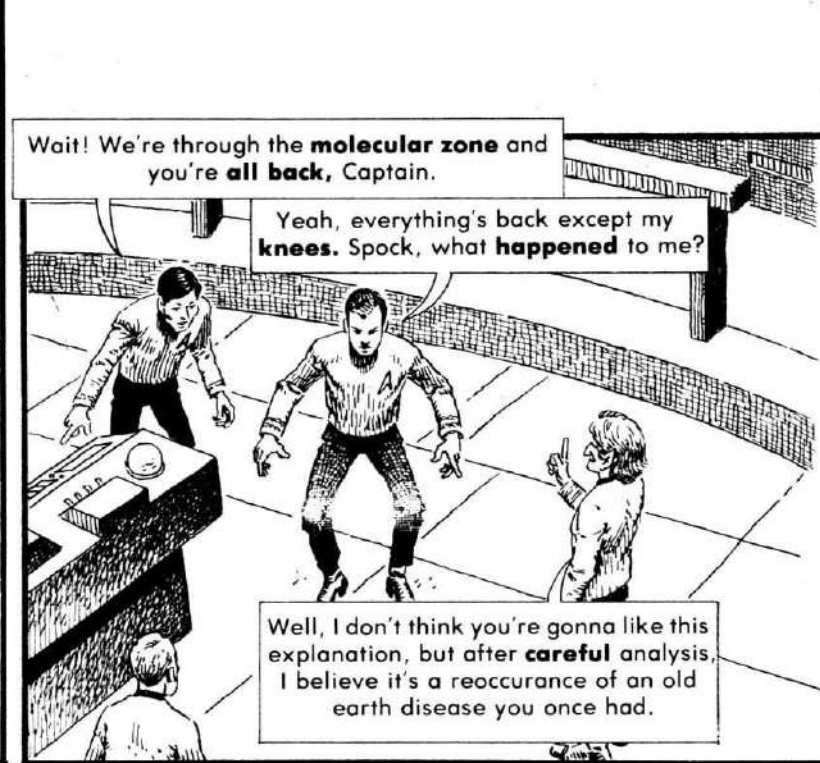


I'm not quite sure, but... **Captain!!** Your **left arm** and **right leg** are disappearing!

There's got to be an **explanation** for this.

WHAT DO YOU SEND A SICK FLORIST?

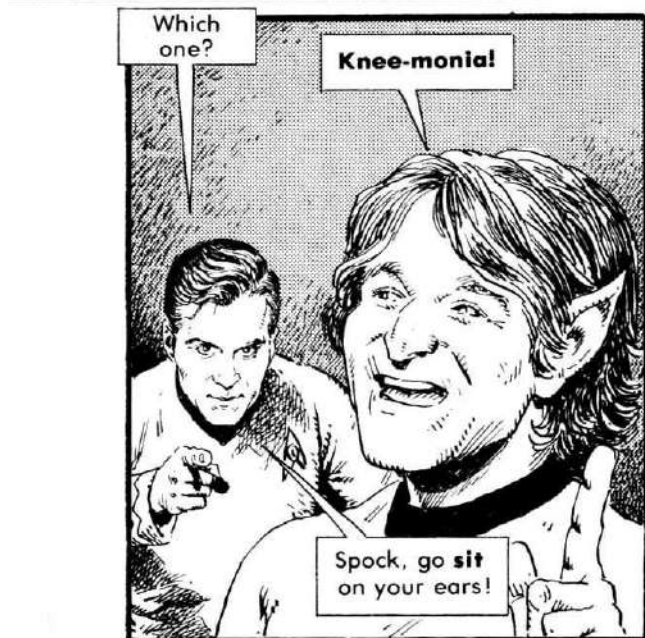
Perhaps that **diet** you've been on is **finally** working.



Wait! We're through the **molecular zone** and you're **all back**, Captain.

Yeah, everything's back except my **knees**. Spock, what **happened** to me?

Well, I don't think you're gonna like this explanation, but after **careful** analysis, I believe it's a reoccurrence of an old earth disease you once had.



Which one?

Knee-monia!

Spock, go **sit** on your ears!

KING KONG

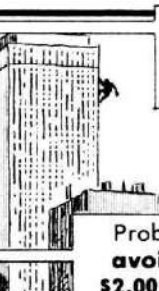
The reason we called you sir, is that we've **located** your **ape**.

My gosh! Kong's on the **82nd floor** of the **World Trade Center** heading for the **observa-tion deck**.



Do you know **what** he's doing up there?

Probably trying to **avoid** paying the **\$2.00** they charge to use the elevator.



Well, we've got to get him down.

I agree. It's **spring** and if he starts **shedding** up there... well, there won't be a **Mexican hairless** or **bald person** left in this city.



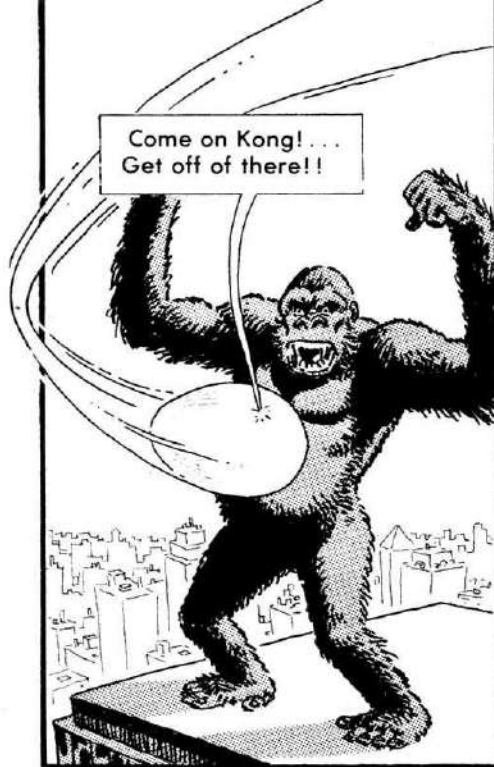
Well, do something man.

Have you tried **throwing rocks** at him. That always gets the **cats** outta my **begonias**.

Somehow I **don't** think that'll work here.

OK, leave it to me, officer.





Come on Kong! ...
Get off of there!!



KLOP!



MY GIRL
ISN'T FAT...
SHE'S JUST
SIX INCHES
TOO SHORT!

Well, officer—he's
down. All our
troubles are over.

Not exactly!

That your ape? He
just crushed my
hot dog wagon.
What are you gonna
do about it?

And your ape
destroyed
my shoeshine
stand!

And he landed on
my Bootsy! Look at
him!

Shazba!



GONE WITH THE WIND

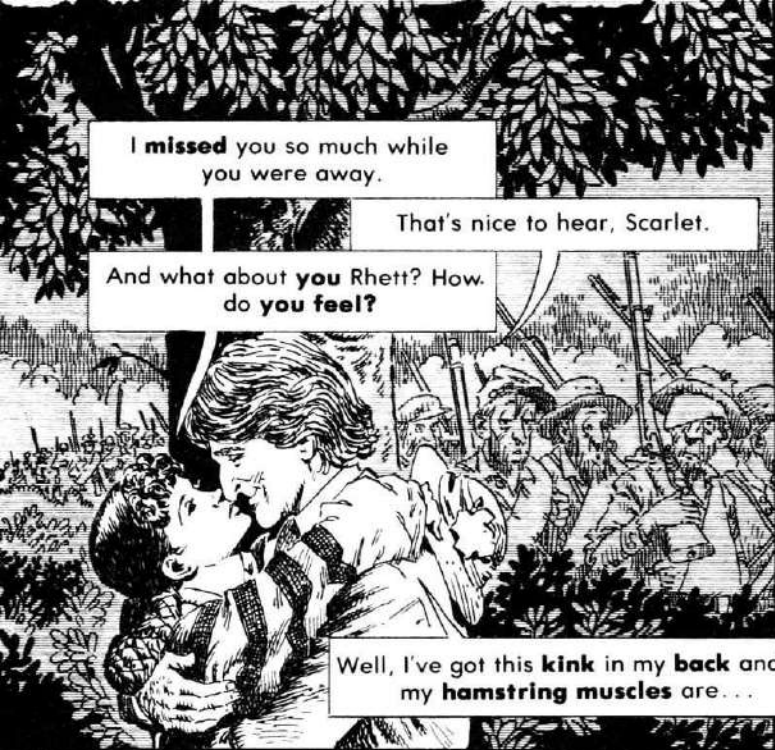
Oh, Rhett. Just look
what those Yankees
did to my plantation.

I warned you **Scarlet**. I told you
not to hire **baseball players** to
pick your **cotton**. But would you
listen? **Nooooooo!**

These past few years
have been so hard. Do
you think we'll ever see
another **war** like this
again in the south?

Another **Civil War**? I doubt
it. It's very hard to get
soldiers to say "May I" be-
fore they shoot at you.





I **missed** you so much while you were away.

And what about **you** Rhett? How do **you** feel?

That's nice to hear, Scarlett.

Well, I've got this **kink** in my **back** and my **hamstring muscles** are...

WHAT GOOD IS HAPPINESS? IT CAN'T BUY MONEY!

That's **not** what I meant. I wanted to know how you **feel** about **me**! About... Why, Rhett Butler, your **forehead** is **burning up**.



It happened when I **touched** you just before. You know what it must be?

What Rhett?



Are you **ready** for this one?



Tell me, Rhett. What is it?

Scarlet Fever—
Ahr! AHR! AHR!

SHERLOCK HOLMES



Watson, this is an extremely interesting **case**.

Which one is that? The woman accused of **killing** her **appetite**?



No, this one here that's holding all of these **books**. What workmanship!



Mr. Holmes, I'm glad you **like** my **furniture**, but can we get on with it. You were just about to tell us **who murdered** my **budgie**!

Yes. Well first I **questioned** your **budgie** but he was of absolutely **no help**.

True.

He was **dead!**

But what was the **cause?**

A **cannonball**. It went right through his little **heart** ... and **liver** ... and **chest** ... and **legs** and...

At first I suspected your **gardener**.

I don't have a **gardener**.

I know—that's when I **stopped** suspecting him.

Then I thought perhaps it was the **cook**. Perhaps she **poisoned** the **budgie**. So I **tasted** everything she had made in the **3 days** prior to the budgie's death.

And?

I gained **six pounds!!**

But then I discovered the **murder weapon**—this **cannon**. It was cleverly **stashed** beneath this couch. Watson is now **dusting** it for **fingerprints** ... as well as smudges and grime. It was **filthy**. Watson, tell us. Whose prints are on that gun?

Yours sir.

Mine? You mean I'm the **murderer?**

Well, the prints could be from when you touched it before, but I'm afraid that's the only set.

Well, the case is settled then.

Take the murderer away!

No! No!

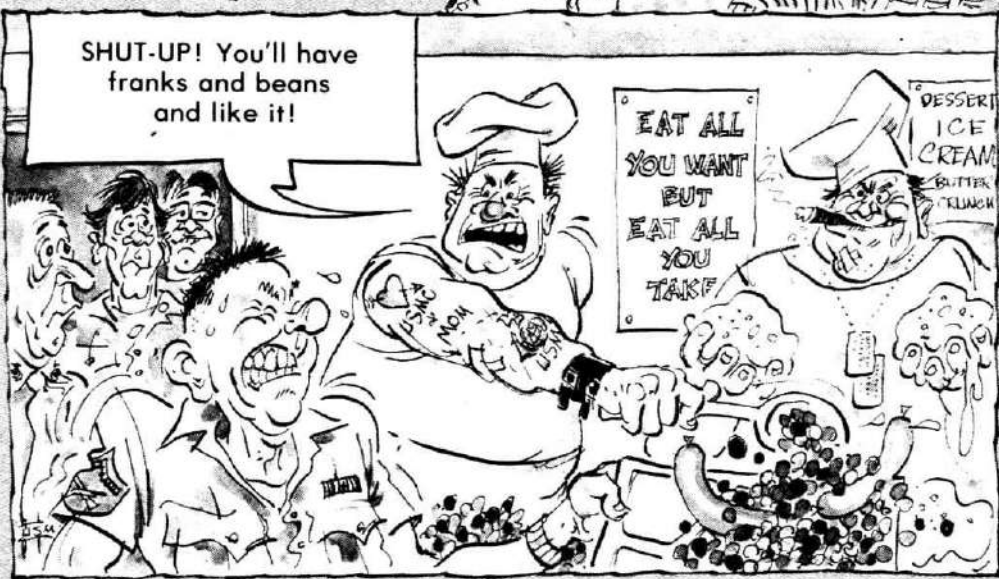
Away, I said!

I would have **never** guessed. I wonder what the motive was?

Probably **insanity!**

TH'END

SHUT-UPS



OFF

CONSERVE
ENERGY!



OH, THOSE LONG LINES

